THE MURDER OF LIDICE . . . By Edna St. Vincent Millay

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MARQUIS CHILDS, says Russell Owen, finds in Washington activities and people that stimulate his pride in his country . . . *(See page 7)*

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$2.50 —*New York Times*

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The Murder of Lidice

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

"Lest We Forget," a symbolic statue created by the noted American sculptor, Jo Davidson, commemorating the martyrdom of the Czech village of Lidice and the obliteration of its people by the Nazis. The statue was unveiled last Monday in the Associated American Artists Galleries in New York.

INTRODUCTION BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS: Among the many projects of the Writers' War Board, the focus-point of a group of American writers, thousands in number, is the effort to make clear to all citizens of the United Nations the meaning of the word "Lidice." When that meaning is understood by every American, we never will stop short of total victory.

On June 10 the German Government announced with pride that its specially selected murderers had destroyed the small village of Lidice, Czecho-Slovakia; killed every man and fifty-two women, driven the surviving women to concentration camps, and forced the children into so-called educational institutions. Lidice, they said, was now forever blotted out from memory. They did this because of an unproved suspicion that the village had sheltered the murderers of Heydrich the Hangman.

Two days after the news of Lidice reached America, the Writers' War Board, at its regular meeting, resolved to do everything it could to keep the name and memory of Lidice from ever being forgotten. One thing was to ask Edna St. Vincent Millay to write a poem about Lidice. She answered with a long, dramatic narrative poem, "The Murder of Lidice," part of which is herewith published, by special arrangement with *Life,* which is publishing a large extract from the poem in its current issue. The radio version, substantially the same as that to be published by Harper's on October 25, at a price well within popular reach ($.60), is to have its premiere on the evening of October 19, over the National Broadcasting Company network. It will be obvious that the verses were written more with a view to being heard than being read.

The ceremonies will be presided over by Mr. Alexander Woollcott. Well-known actors and actresses will be featured.

IT was all of six hundred years ago,
It was seven and if a day,
That a village was built which you may know
By the name of Lidice.

Not a stick, not a stake and stone remain
To mark where the fair Danubian plain
Was rich in cattle and rich in grain
In far Bohemia,
In a village called Lidice.
(At least, that is what they say)

But all of the villagers worked as one
(As ever since then these folks have done)
To build them a village to sit in the sun
As long as the Danube River should run
Through far Bohemia;
And they named it Lidice . . .

They built them a church and they built them a mill,
And on the fair Danubian plain,
For to shrive their souls and to grind their grain,
And to feed them wholesomely . . .

And close together like swallows' nests
They built their houses on the low crests
Of the banks of the river that turned the mill.
And each man helped his neighbor to lay
The stones of his house, and to lift its beams;
Till strong in its timbers and tight in its seams
A village arose called Lidice . . .

How did the year turn, how did it run,
In a village like Lidice?
First came Spring, with planting and sowing;
Then came Summer, with haying and hoeing;
Then came Autumn, and the Harvest Home . . .

And always in Winter, with its brief bright day,
Toward the end of the quiet afternoon,
(Children at school, but coming home soon,
With crisp young voices loud and gay;
Husband at Kladno, miles away,
But home for supper, expected soon)
Toward the end of the Winter afternoon . . .

The wise, kind hands and contented face
Of a woman at the window, making lace . . .
A peaceful place . . . a happy place . . .

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How did the year turn—how did it run
In the year of nineteen-forty-one?—
In a village called Lidice?
First came Spring, with planting and sowing;
Then came Summer, with haying and hoeing;
Then came Autumn, and the Harvest Home . . .

Then came Heydrich the Hangman, the Hun . . .

"Mirko, the Rakos barns are full;
It's time to harvest the sugar beets."
"Hush with your clack while a man eats!
I'll think of the harvest and sugar beets
When the evening meal is done.
I've much on my mind, wife—I heard say
From the metal-workers in Kladno today
That Heydrich the Hangman comes our way—
God's curse on him!"
"Husband, the things you say!
Heydrich's but Hitler's tool."

"What do you take me for,—a fool?
God's curse on him, anyway."
"Cross yourself, Mirko!" "I did." "And pray."
"I'll pray when my supper's done."

"Husband . . . why is your face so grey?"

"My face is grey from fear.
Heydrich the Hangman died today
Of his wounds, the men in Kladno say."

"Good riddance to wicked rubbish, I say . . .
No man was he, but a ravening beast . . .
Do they know who killed him?"
"Not yet, they say:
Though they've smoked him out for many a day . . .
But they claim we hid him here."

"Here? Here in Lidice?"
"Here in Lidice."
"If I knew where they hid, I'd not give them away."
"Yes . . . All of the village feels that way.
But heavy's the price we'll have to pay,
If they're not found, I fear.
How it will turn I could not learn . . .
But my face with fear is grey."

An officer walked in Wilson Street,
A German officer jaunty and smart;
A sabre-cut on his cheek he bore,
And tailored well were the clothes he wore,
His uniform dapper and smart.
And he hummed a waltz, as he strolled toward
A group of men by a high bill-board,
And he smiled and softly stopped in his tracks
As he studied the stooped and troubled backs
Of poor men reading the word "Reward!"

(REWARD! . . . REWARD! . . . REWARD! . . . REWARD! . . .
TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND CROWNS IN GOLD! . . .
FOR INFORMATION LEADING TOWARD
THE CAPTURE OF THE COWARDLY AND RUTHLESS KILLERS
OF REINHARD HEYDRICH!
REINHARD HEYDRICH! . . .
HEYDRICH THE PURE IN HEART!)

He looked at their backs and smiled, and thought,
"Heydrich's killer's as good as caught!"
For well he knew what money can do
To a poor man's mind (and a rich man's, too—
For the more a man owns the more he owes,
And the more he must have, and so it goes).

They marched them out to the public square,
Two hundred men in a row;
And every step of the distance there,
Each stone in the road, each man did know—
And every alley in doorway where
As a carefree boy, not long ago,
With boys of his age he would hide and run
And shout, in the days when everyone
Was safe, and free,—and school was out . . .
Not very long ago . . .
And he felt on his face the soft June air,
And thought, "This cannot be so!"

The friendly houses, the little inn
Where times without number he had been
Of an evening, and talked with his neighbors there
Of planting and politics—(not a chair
At any table he had not sat in)
And welcomed the newcomer coming in
With nod of greeting, of "Look, who's here!"—
Spoken friendly across the rim
Of a mug of Pilsen beer . . .

And the men he had greeted with loving shout,
And talked about football with, and about
The crops, and how to keep Hitler out . . .
Were lined up with him here . . .

And one man thought of the sunny row
In his garden, where he had left his hoe;
And one man thought of the walnut trees
He had climbed, and the day he broke his arm,
But it had not hurt, as his mind hurt now—
How happy his boyhood, how free from harm!

And one who was dying opened his eyes,
For he smelled smoke, and stared at the skies
Cloudy and lurid with smoke and flame;
From every building it billowed; it came
From every roof, and out it burst
From every window,—none was the first;
From every window about him burst
The terrible shape of flame,
And clawed at the sky, and leapt to the ground,
And ran through the village with a crackling sound
And a sudden roar where a roof fell in;
And he thought of his mother, left alone
In the house, not able to rise from her chair;
And he got to his elbows, and tried to crawl
To his home, across the blood in the square,
But at every step did slip and fall,
For the slippery blood was everywhere.

Oh, many a faithful dog that day
Stood by his master's body at bay,
And tugged at the sleeve of an arm outflung;
Or laid his paws on his master's breast,
With panting jaws and whimpering cries,
Gazing into his glazing eyes
And licking his face with loving tongue;
Nor would from his dead friend depart,
Till they kicked in his ribs and crushed his heart . . .

The women and children out to the Square
They marched, that there they might plainly see

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How mighty a state is Germany!—
That can drag from his bed unawake, unaware,
Unarmed, a man, to be murdered where
His wife and children must watch and see;
Then carted them off in truck and cart
Into Germany, into Germany,—
The wives to be slaves of German men;
The children to start life over again,
In German schools, to German rules,—
As butchers' apprentices,
And hail and salute the master mind
Of the world's chief butcher of human-kind . . .

They knocked on the door where a young wife bore
Her first, her last man-child;
She heard them coming down Wilson Street,
She heard from the square the machine-gun shots
That told her her man was dead;
And she bit and tied in a slippery knot
The cord of the fine man-child he'd got,
And slung him under the bed . . .
She rose on trembling arms to greet
The men who entered Wilson Street;
"There's nobody here but me!" she cried;
And her eyes were bright and hot in her head . . .
"I'm far too sick of the fever," she said,
"Into Germany, into Germany
For to be marched or led . . . "
But the baby wailed from under the bed—
And they by the heels with a harsh shout
Did drag him out—but the baby bled—
So against the wall they banged his head,
While the mother clawed at their clothes and screamed,
And screamed and screamed, till they shot her dead.

Now, not a stake was left on a stone,
Nor the frame of a window-sill
Where a woman could lean in the dusk alone,
Her arms aware of the warmth of the stone,—
In Lidice, in Lidice—
Yet they say that it stands there still!

Yes, those who have been there solidly say
That every night when the moon is right,
That during the tenth of June all day,
And thin and strange when the sun sets
And the moon comes out, Ste. Margaret's—
Spire and nave and people at prayer
Are plainly seen and you can pass
Your hand through the beautiful colored glass
And draw it back . . . and no blood there!

And they say that men of an evening meet
And talk together in Wilson Street
And draw deep breaths of the air . . .
Though Wilson Street with the rest of the town
Burned down on the tenth of June, burned down,
And there is nothing there . . .
The Germans say there is nothing there.

Good people, all from our graves we call
To you, so happy and free;
Whether ye live in a village small
Or in a city with buildings tall,
Or the sandy lonesome beach of the sea,
Or the woody hills, or the flat prairie;
Hear us speak; oh, dear what we say;
We are the people of Lidice.
Hear us speak; oh, hear what we say,
Who and where soever ye be . . .
Unless ye would die as we!

Dead mouths of men once happy as you,
As happy as you and as free,
Till they entered our country and slaughtered and slew,
And made us do what we hated to do,
And then—oh, never forget the day!—
On the tenth of June in '42
They murdered the village of Lidice!

Dead men, dead men,
Up through the ashes of Lidice
Telling you not to be caught as they
All in the morning of a June day
Were caught, and shot and put out of the way . . .
(At least, that is what they say)
Telling you not to eat or drink
One morsel of food, one swallow of drink
Before you think, before you think
What is the best way
To keep your country from the foe you hate—
Keep it from sloping bit by bit
Down to what is the death of it—

The whole world holds in its arms today
The murdered Village of Lidice,
Like the murdered body of a little child
Happy and innocent, caught at play,
The murdered body, stained and defiled,
Tortured and mangled, of a helpless child,—

And moans of vengeance frightful to hear
From the throat of a world, must reach his ear,
The maniac killer who still runs wild,
Where he sits, with his long and cruel thumbs,
Eating pastries, rolling the crumbs
Into bullets (for the day is always near
For another threat, another fear,
Another killing of the gentle and mild)
But a moaning whine of vengeance comes,
Sacred vengeance awful and dear;
From the throat of a world that has been too near
And seen too much, at last too much—
Whines of vengeance sacred and dear,
For the murdered body of a helpless child—
And terrible sobs unreconciled!

Careless America, crooning a tune!—
Catch him! Catch him and stop him soon!
Never let him come here!

Think a moment: are *we* immune?

Oh, my country, so foolish and dear,
Scornful America, crooning a tune,
Think. Think: are we immune?—
Catch him, catch him and stop him soon!
Never let him come here!

Ask yourself, ask yourself: What have we done?—
Who, after all, are we?—
That we should sit at ease in the sun,
The only country, the only one,
Unmolested and free?

Catch him! Catch him! Do not wait!
Or will you wait, and share the fate
Of the village of Lidice?
Or will you wait, and let him destroy
The Village of Lidice, Illinois?
Oh, catch him! Catch him, and stop him soon!
Never let him come here!

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The Personal History of M. Maurois

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER. By André Maurois. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 310 *pp., and index.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

IN the town of Elbeuf, near Rouen, there is a cloth-mill, stolen two years ago from those who descended from the man, Ernest Herzog, who in 1871 had moved the mill and two hundred workers from Bischwiller in Alsace, sooner than live under German rule. Emile Herzog is the son of that Ernest, one who has been robbed as his father was exiled; and he is known, his books are read throughout the civilized world. His pen name is André Maurois—for, as his first book was published during the last war, about his friends and colleagues in the English army, he was obliged by the authorities to adopt a pseudonym.

When André Maurois heard that the old mill at Elbeuf had been stolen, he was in this country; and a journalist asked him for an interview—"You can tell me what's in your heart"; and André Maurois replied, "I have something in my heart, but it is not anything against France. . . . I know that as soon as she can she will recognize her own." On that day this book and its author will receive an acclamation from all those in France who love France, and are forced at present to live in hope and angry silence; for here is recorded what France is to one man; and the voice and memory of France are all the clearer because André Maurois knows and loves other countries and other cultures, notably the American and the British.

It is hard for a novelist who is also a great biographer—for the Lyautey, the Byron, and the Disraeli of André Maurois are very good biographies—to attempt autobiography. The novelist is tempted by the imp of invention; the biographer may be cozened by the angel of arrangement, and between those two influences directness and simplicity are only too likely to be sacrificed. André Maurois has resisted. Almost too well, I think. Inevitably the present war, its tragic impetus, its monstrous development take a disproportionate amount of his attention; but the modesty, the tender sense of his writing make the last part, as indeed nearly all the book, indescribably moving. Here is no author pretending to a great knowledge, or to have played a great part in affairs; André Maurois watched, and was anxious, and was brave and was broken. Here is a symbol not of the busy people in Paris, pulling strings, but of that vast number of the French bourgeoisie who were ready to follow and to fight, but had no leader who was not weak, or false, or betrayed; who believed passionately in France and freedom and, with a dreadful suddenness, caught themselves reciting this creed in front of a desecrated altar, lit only by the invisible light which will yet flash from Bordeaux to Brittany, from Paris to Le Puy, from the mountains of Savoy to the hills of Auvergne.

As a schoolboy young Emile Herzog had a passion for literature; he was precocious and, he suggests, a bit of a prig. His idea of love-making was to lecture (a commoner fault in the male than he seems to realize!), and he tells the story of his first romance with the lovely Janine Marie de Szymkeiwicz—his first wife—with a disarming grace and candour. His first success as an author was gained by the famous "Silences of Colonel Bramble"; then, after one or two books that had no success and another war-book, came "Ariel," the book on Shelley, who had haunted his imagination for years.

From that time André Maurois's career has been one of almost unbroken success—he makes few claims for his own work, except to plead his industry in the biographies and his observer's fidelity as a novelist. In all his work, especially in this volume, he has shown delicacy, a shrewd sense of analysis, and a fine self-criticism. He was for many years a member of that remarkable group of people who met, under the leadership of Paul Desjardins, at the Burgundian Abbey of Pontigny. There he met Gide, Mauriac, Roger Fry, Lytton Strachey, and that exquisitely just critic and devout Catholic, Charles du Bos, whose book on Byron has a disturbing depth.

In these pages André Maurois writes of his life as an author, his life as a man. In contrast to his success in business, as a soldier, as an artist, there was tragedy in his personal life; the tragedy of his first wife's unhappiness and early death, and his own lack of sympathy and humor as a husband both to her and to the present Madame Maurois. The very manner of this self-revelation, naive and free from any trace of self-excuse, is evidence of how successfully he has remedied in himself flaws which a less sensitive man would have probably thought of as virtues.

Famous in his maturity, André Maurois lectured in France, in England, and here; he had always wanted to teach, and his ambition was fulfilled when he had still the patience to persuade an audience, and the zeal to inspire them. No living French author has done so much to make friends of the French and the Anglo-Saxons; and his influence here and in England has certainly been as sound as it has been popular.

He says truly that through many of his books the predominant theme is "Reconciliation": his passion to understand and to explain has, no doubt, sometimes seemed to be compromise—but in a day of ignorant fanaticisms and intolerant stupidities compromise based on understanding and an acknowledgment of differences is not so contemptible a quality.

"I Remember, I Remember" presents a generous sampling of unusually shrewd judgments on men and events; its portrayal of family life is made with tender humor; its glimpses of famous people—and there are many—are given simply and without pretension. There is no whining, and no abuse, and no vanity in the heart-rending pages which tell of France's fall; only a strong belief that, in spite of all, essential France will recover and again be ready to teach, to those who can listen, the lessons of her history and her incomparable civilization.

—Portrait by Theodore Brenson.

André Maurois in his old Paris study.

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"Bigger Than Men or Parties"

I WRITE FROM WASHINGTON. By Marquis Childs. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 319 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by RUSSELL OWEN

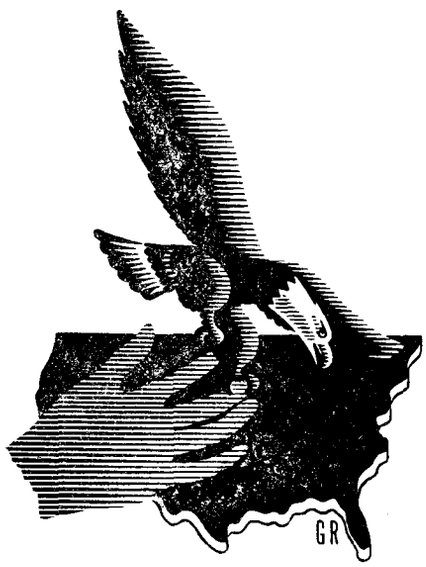
ONE of the sanest judgments of the hurly-burly that is Washington, that mad center of democracy fighting for its life, is in this book of Marquis Childs. He is one of those rare and detached observers who can see the good and ill, can sense the dangers of purblind and well-meaning radicalism and yet realize the underlying currents that drive a society regardless of its momentary whims. For Washington, as the center of this nation, is not easy to understand. It confounds the man who approaches it with preconceived ideas, and it suddenly uplifts one who looks upon it with a complete cynicism.

Mr. Childs has no illusions about the city whose governmental doings he aptly criticizes. And neither is he given to despair. He sees in the extraordinary growth of the national government much that is dangerous and portentous; and he also finds in it activities and people that stimulate his pride in his country and make him a sturdy combatant for democracy—even with all its faults. And one gathers the impression from his book that this democracy will not bog down—not beyond the point where it can be rescued.

He deals with the last decade in Washington, perhaps the most extraordinary period in our history. It makes the Jacksonian influx of the underprivileged look like a tea-party. Right now it is difficult to look back at these last ten years and see them as a whole and a continuing evolution. Mr. Childs attempts to do just that. He shows the young and ardent New Dealers flocking into Washington. They did not come in hickory shirts and jeans, but in tweeds and sartorial splendor, like Rex Tugwell. They were not an upheaval of the lower level, but a rather bewildered and well-meaning group who had leaped from ivory towers to seize and mold this world closer to the heart's desire. They meant well, and they fumbled frightfully.

Some of the most interesting chapters of Mr. Childs's book deal with these early precursors of the New Deal. He shows that that political manifestation did not spring aborning overnight. It had its roots in many places and in many men. He shows the uncanny cunning of Huey Long, who used the misery of unemployment for his own purposes, and the way in which Long could drop an opponent into his chair with withering comment that would slay an elephant. He shows the wise and far-seeing statesmanship of Senator Norris, who grew with his times, and the calm and humanely interpretive qualities of Justice Brandeis, who lent judicial backing to the purposes of those who were trying to make this a better land to live in.

Most of us have forgotten those days of 1933, when the country was buried under a morass of melancholy, and when the voice of Roosevelt from the Capitol on his first inauguration



brought our chins up and gave us purpose to go ahead. Mr. Childs recalls them; he illustrates how greatly this country needed that sort of stimulation, and he makes it very vivid that it was the beginning of a revolution in political and social terms.

Where it would have gone eventually, if the war had not intervened, Mr. Childs does not pretend to guess. He does think that the fundamental purposes were good. He deplores the increase of bureaucratic government in Washington, and all the red tape that it implies. But he also finds that, despite the Ickes fulminations, Mr. Ickes has some splendid qualities; he does see that, despite interdepartmental jealousy, men in minor departments coöperate to the great good of the country. In the large and growing population of official Washington there is not all inefficiency, although much of it must creep in as it does in any large organization.

This comment of Mr. Childs, and particularly his words about Congress —which are not all derogatory—remind this reviewer of a comparison of his own and his father's first views of Congress. The Old Man was down there as a reporter, in 1848, and went with the firm conviction that all great senators were heroes. He became somewhat disillusioned, particularly after Daniel Webster held up the United States Bank for his fee. This young reporter went there completely disillusioned, thinking most members of Congress were scoundrels, and came away believing that most of them were fairly honest and well-meaning men, who would do well by their country if they could also hold their seats. The difference is not so great. Mr. Childs seems to have this same impression, that there are good and able men, as well as rascals, in Congress, and that the majority are about what we deserve.

But he is inclined to feel, also, that there is a fear in Washington of getting close to the people, of telling them the truth. He has more confidence in his United States than he has in his bureaucrats. He knows his country, and he loves it, and he is not entirely pleased by what he sees in the seats of the mighty. He says this, at the end:

> I remember Washington, early December, and the Monument in the beginning dusk, pure and beautiful, the branches of the big elms naked and clear. It is wonderful beyond anything, the people and the country. For all the scandal and the shame that I know, I know this other, too. It is bigger than Washington, bigger than men or parties. The people, it seems to me, want the truth. They can take it. Too often from Washington they get, instead, evasion.

And that is probably the most biting critique on Washington. It does not know its own people. And because it does not, it fumbles.

American Books for British Libraries

At the request of the British Ministry of Information, the Trustees of the National Central Library have undertaken to organize a scheme for the supply of a greater number of American books in the British public libraries, particularly books written by Americans about the United States, with a view to the promotion of a better understanding between the American and British peoples. The type of book under consideration is that which will give a picture of America and the American people as they are today. It will include suitable fiction and children's books.

The first thing to be done was to obtain a list of suitable books. An approach was therefore made to the American Library Association, who have compiled a list of books which, in their opinion, could best be used to interpret the United States to the people of this or any other interested country. A copy of the list has been circulated to publishers.

—*The Bookseller, London.*

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Tolstoy's Encyclopedia of Ideas and Human Conduct

MANYA GORDON

IT was inevitable that in this historic year Tolstoy's story of the Napoleonic invasion should be hailed primarily as a war document. But some of us think this interpretation much too narrow. The immortality of "War and Peace," a new edition of which appeared several months ago, does not rest upon the author's philosophy of war, but rather, his masterly understanding of Russian life.

This is the feeling of the present writer upon reading for the fourth time, without skipping, this unsurpassed novel. One never wearies of the psychological, intellectual, and emotional activities of Tolstoy's literary offspring. They number more than a hundred, and every one's individuality is clearly defined. Such is the veracity and genius of their creator that the reader identifies himself with every one of them. It matters little whether the person described is Alexander I, Napoleon, Kutuzov, Prince Andrew, Natasha, or the little French drummer boy, or "God's Folk," or the peasant-soldier Karataev. They are all drawn with the same sincerity and with almost superhuman understanding. We know them all, live with them, are present at their births and deaths, take pleasure in the happy pranks of the young, deplore the selfish despotism of the old, are with them in war and peace, in love and hate, and never lose sight of the fact that they are human beings whose unfathomable depths we are in the process of always discovering.

"War and Peace" is an encyclopedia of ideas and of human conduct. It holds all the roots of the great realist's philosophy of life. The scene is Russia but the deeply penetrating portrayal of life and the wide range of subjects under discussion, very nearly all of them equally vital today, lift the book above national boundaries into universality. One would have to read all the best novels ever written to get the intellectual and emotional depth and breadth of life contained in this one volume. The multitude of ideas are presented not as entertainment or a high-brow indulgence of the author, but as an integral part of each person. Nothing is done for effect or in order to put across the philosophy of the annalist. This is not meant to imply that Tolstoy hesitates to drive home his deep aversion for war or his mystic interpretation of life, but rather, that he never sacrifices the truth in order to make his point. The pacifist in Tolstoy may err in his commentary on purely military affairs but the realist is infallible as the translator of the activities and aspirations of every one of his literary children.

The great Russian painter Verestchagin could see only the horrors of war. The deeply human Tolstoy understood the inevitability of defending one's homeland and was often unable to separate the appalling from the sublime. Before the battle of Schön Graben the realist notes: "'It has begun! Here it is, dreadful but enjoyable!' was what the face of each soldier and each officer seemed to say." During the battle of Borodino, in the midst of the indescribable slaughter, Pierre remarks—"These puffs of smoke and, strange to say, the sound of the firing, produced the chief beauty of the spectacle."

This veracity applies equally to Tolstoy's mysticism. His effort to prove that Napoleon's invasion of Russia, his defeat, the strategy of Bagration and Kutuzov, were all conditioned by God is constantly contradicted by his own facts. The thesis that Napoleon was vanquished despite the blunders of the Russian generals is refuted by the writer's account of the methods by which Bagration succeeded in keeping his army from going into action and so saved it from annihilation. The mystic in Tolstoy does not interfere with his description of the scene in which Prince Andrew during his survey of the position of the army before the battle of Schön Graben is an unwilling listener to a conversation:

> "No, friend," said a pleasant and, as it seemed to Prince Andrew, a familiar voice, "what I say is that if it were possible to know what is beyond death, none of us would be afraid of it. That's so, friend."
>
> Another, a younger voice, interrupted him. "Afraid or not, you can't escape it anyhow."
>
> "All the same one is afraid! Oh, you clever people," said a third manly voice interrupting them both. "Of course you artillery men are all very wise, because you can take everything along with you, vodka and snacks."
>
> And the owner of the manly voice, evidently, an infantry officer, laughed.
>
> "Yes, one is afraid," continued the first speaker, he of the familiar voice. "One is afraid of the unknown, that's what it is. Whatever we may say about the soul going to the sky . . . we know that there is no sky but only an atmosphere."
>
> The manly voice again interrupted the artillery officer.
>
> "Well, stand us some of your herb vodka, Tushin," it said.

IT was not only Tolstoy's deep penetration into the human soul but his integrity that made Turgeniev exclaim after reading "War and Peace": In this novel the pacifist and mystic are often at odds with the realist but the latter is always the victor. Nicholas Rostov's visit to the military hospital, the execution of the war prisoners, the rhythm and the joyous faces of the marching armies and the exaltation in Petya Rostov's face just as he is wiped off the earth by the enemy's bullet, are described with the same accuracy and understanding. One feels the narrator's inherent humanity and compassion in such scenes, or at the battle of Borodino, or Natasha's first visit to the mortally wounded Prince Andrew, or the shot that ends the life of Karataev, or Petya Rostov's last few minutes with the French drummer boy. Intellectual integrity and compassion are the primary components of the magic flame which illuminates every page of this masterpiece.

This is because the author and great philosopher is first and foremost interested in people. He is never afflicted with the boredom that often plagues less gifted novelists, say our own of the nineteen twenties. Not even during the subsequent reactionary period of Alexander I did Tolstoy find his countrymen barren or unstimulating. Pierre was troubled by "the endless variety of men's minds,

—From the Inner Sanctum edition of "War and Peace."

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which prevented a truth from ever presenting itself identically to two persons." But Tolstoy was thoroughly aware that the endless variety of men's minds is the stuff that literature is made of, and knew from personal experience that a truth does not always present itself identically to the same person. He was forever conscious of the struggles within himself, of the mystic, pacifist, and realist, not to mention the moralist in conflict with the evil desires that he was heir to. Tolstoy was plagued by this duality as far back as the writing of "Youth." In that story Irtenev and Nekhludov express the opinions of the author. They are seeking an ideal to live for and are busily engaged in committing indiscretions one moment and repenting the next. In "War and Peace" Pierre and Prince Andrew are the personifications of the same struggle. One might say that they symbolize Tolstoy's conscious and subconscious selves. Pierre bears the closer resemblance to his creator. He is ugly, clumsy, inefficient in practical matters, loves good food, women, and wine, is extremely kind and high-minded, and is indefatigable in his efforts to suppress his undesirable characteristics and find a living ideal.

On the other hand the handsome, efficient, well-disciplined, strong-minded Prince Andrew who is not troubled by the duality which afflicted his literary parent is what the author would have liked to be. But Pierre and Prince Andrew are not the only inheritors of the characteristics and aspirations of their maker. Nicholas Rostov has Tolstoy's passion for hunting, Mary Bolkonsky his mysticism, Karataev his tolerance. In fact every person but one has a bit of Tolstoy in him, but never enough to interfere with his own individuality. Among the entire multitude who appear in this novel there is only one stock character, Anatole Kuragin, the would-be abductor of Natasha. We now know the reason for the presence of this conventional villain.

Mme. Kusminskaia, who was Countess Tolstoy's youngest sister, reveals in her fascinating reminiscences, published in Soviet Russia in 1925-26, the tragic episode in her own life which Tolstoy recast as Natasha's romance in "War and Peace." In the original experience Tanya is courted by her young kinsman, Kusminski. During the absence of the latter she sees a great deal of Tolstoy's brother Serge who is very much older than Tanya and has a common-law wife and children. Serge falls desperately in love with Tanya and after a sharp inner

(*Continued on page* 19)

The Attack on Russia — A Lesson in Communications

SQUADRON LEADER MURRAY HARRIS

THE value of Mr. Werner's book* resides in his accurate presentation of the course of the Russo-German war in 1941. It is certainly the most complete and best documented we have yet seen, and many useful lessons can be drawn from his detailed description of the operations on the Eastern Front. He makes it clear that the great German strategists von Leeb, Schlieffen, and Falkenhayn, were right when they warned the Generalhauptquartier against the dangers of deep penetration into Russia, and against the fatal tendency of German arms to overtax their strength and to over-extend the theatres of war —an extension beyond all limits of capacity. On each of the major drives, the Germans have been halted on the very threshold of attaining their objectives. The drive for Stalingrad is another case in point. The Germans may succeed in reducing this key strategic point on the Volga, but for a month they have been fighting in the suburbs of the town. This is in itself a partial victory for Russia, for the delay must be causing many a headache in the Plans Section of the German General Staff.

The Russians have followed throughout the strategy advocated for German arms by von Leeb, that is one of defence rather than attack, to contain the Russian hordes on the borders of German occupied Europe. But tradition proved too strong for Hitler and his yesmen, many of whom were unschooled in the true military sense. Their only preoccupation appears to have been to bring the enemy to battle and to crush him, which indeed they have frequently succeeded in doing. But now, however, the more farsighted among them must realize that they are deep in a quagmire from which it will need all their ingenuity to extricate themselves.

Max Werner's analysis of the results of the Blitzkrieg into Russia is detailed and graphic. In 1941 each drive broke before attaining its prestige objective, Moscow or Leningrad, on the deep echelonization and layercake disposition of Russian defence in depth. The tanks of the four tank armies which battered in vain on the defences of Moscow were literally turned into so much scrap by wear and tear and by the rigors of the Russian winter.

Moscow and Leningrad broke the legend of German invincibility. These vast frontal assaults failed in their objective which was to force the military issue. The Germans are still driving on with that self-same objective and are still as far from attaining their aim.

Baku is of course out of the question before winter sets in. The Germans have had to renounce willy-nilly a complete oil victory, and to confine their 1942 objectives to the seizure of the whole Northern Caucasus. In the opinion of this author, the prizes seized would not compensate in the strategic balance for the loss of time and dispersal of force. This deduction is accurate in itself, but he attaches too little importance to these territorial gains. "The Germans were intoxicated with territorial conquest"—this is true enough, but in so saying, he makes little or no case of the most damaging blow yet struck at Russian war economy. The vast agricultural machinery works at Rostov and the tractor plant at Stalingrad, which between them provided much of the potential output of mechanized and armored vehicles used by the Soviet, are temporarily lost for the Russians; so, too, is Donetz coal. Accessible oil supply in Southern Russia is a thing of the past, with

(*Continued on page* 18)

**THE GREAT OFFENSIVE. By Max Werner. New York: The Viking Press. 1942. 346 pp., and index. $3.00.*

—From "The Imperial Soviets."

Lest we forget: This is what Central Europe looked like before Nazi Germany began her big push into Russia.

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A CRISIS IN EDUCATION

THE humanities are in grave danger, and, in this country, at least, it is not the war that threatens them so much as a kind of hysteria. If the humanities are not tough enough to endure even a global war, they are not tough enough to be part of our education. They have gone through plenty of wars before and have declined, when they have declined, only because the men and women they had civilized lost confidence in their own education.

Let us not quarrel over definitions. By the humanities, one means all that teaches man how to keep his spiritual, moral, esthetic, and intellectual being in control of his instincts and his technologies. Literature, art of all kinds, ethics, religion, and history in its broadest sense, and all pure science belong to the humanities.

At the moment we are grappled in a technological war, in which our opponents have the immense advantage of long preparation unprejudiced by moral control. They have borrowed our technologies; added new ones of their own, organized their societies to support unlimited scientific war, and can be met directly only on their own grounds—airplane against airplane, tank against tank, strategy against strategy, morale against morale. The ploughshares of education have to be beaten up into swords. There is no question about that. The question, as the President of Yale said last Autumn, is not what is going to happen to Yale as the result of our about turn in the processes of education, but what is going to happen to the country at war—in a technological war.

Regretfully, but with a sense of full necessity, we see applied science left as the one subject which universities, colleges, and high schools must teach. Regretfully we know that millions of young people must be prepared for the immediacies of global war. Their education will be that education by violence of which Thucydides wrote, a deep, a vital education, but inevitably partial. If their generation is to participate in the great tradition of civilization and share in the humanities, it must be by adult education, which will be one of the most urgent duties of all capable of giving it, after the war. But all this calls for no tears. It may be said that those most truly educated in the humanities among us have most and longest realized the inevitability and true nature of this world conflict, and have most wholeheartedly, according to their capacity, enlisted for the duration. If we have to sacrifice nine-tenths of this generation's energy to the technologies of death, let it be a willing sacrifice. The humanities would survive the struggle, if we win both the war and the peace.

But they may not survive ignorance and hysteria. Ignorance, that ever present night of primitive man below the consciousness of civilization, is a flood always ready to rise and break through the thin floorings of culture and religion. And the most expert technology can subsist with the grossest moral ignorance. This release of the ugly and the subdued is a phenomenon of all destructive wars, to which war itself, fortunately, with the rousing of the best as well as the worst in humankind, helps to bring some solutions.

But with this danger to the sound life of the future certain as a menace, it is distressing to see so many of our cultural leaders braying like donkeys pushed into a field of thistles and insisting it is the only food for donkey-kind. Hysterically upset by our unpreparedness for the kind of war that science has made it necessary to fight, they not only prepare to make all our institutions training-schools in technology for the emergencies, in which, generally speaking, they are probably right, but deny, like Peter, all they have believed in before. It is alleged that one of our university presidents has told his faculty that education could no longer concern itself with the graces of life, a distressing statement, if made, since it seems to mean that, in this view, the humanities, including religion and literature, and the graces, including, one supposes, lip-stick and a refined accent, were synonymous. Fortunately all are not of his mind, for we have had recently the careful pronouncement of the head of a great Western university, that unless provision was made for the continuance where possible, and the renewal of the study and practice of the humanities in our educational system and especially in our schools, after peace is made, we should find ourselves with training-schools for slave labor, and an education designed not only for the conduct, but for the perpetuation of war.

It must be remembered in a discussion which these few remarks can at the most only begin, that while technology is fighting this war, and a mastership of technology is necessary to win it, it was not too much but too little vital training in the humanities which was responsible for the maladjustments, the psychological wrongs, the economic stupidities and selfishness, the moral perversions which made the war break so unbelievably upon naive and unprepared democracies. Science, itself a humanity, created an age of science, which became an age of materialism in which a just developing technology escaped from responsible hands. That is the over simplified story. If the humanities did not prevent its tragic unrolling, the fault is not in the humanities, but in the way we used and taught them. We suspect that when the best of the young men and women come back they will be the first to demand a return of these humanities, and in such tough and vital forms as only those who have been faithful to the ideals of civilization will be able to offer. H. S. C.

The Saturday Sirens

By William Rose Benét

AT noon the Saturday sirens screaming are blown.
We hail the high-pressure wail. We think "Not yet!"
They maunder down
they sob down
to a drone,
to the audible noise of the street and we forget.

Again that radio voice the matter-of-fact
blatters from the window across the court
and the late rising alarum seems just an act
with the rumble and hum of the street the proper retort . . .

Wounds blood dirt death The wail shrieking on and on:
Some night some noon some afternoon some dawn . . .

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Burgess on Ladies in Boxes

SIR:—Is it any fun for a girl to have her man know what she's going to say when he pops the question? Do you want Junior to find out what you're giving him for Christmas? D'you like to have somebody ask you a conundrum and tell you the answer at the same time? And how d'you enjoy it when you're doing a Cross Word and some kibitizer blurts out the name of that tough "Polynesian chestnut?"

Well, I don't like it, either, when after I've written a swell mystery novel like my "Ladies in Boxes," a reviewer tells how those ladies in boxes got into the boxes. And so I ask you: Has a book reviewer a right to spill the beans and give away the *dénouement* of a mystery story? I ask you as I have asked a dozen or so other book reviewers. And although their answers have been a unanimous NO, I am still unsatisfied. There's more in this than meets the eye of the casual reader.

It is now apparent that Literature also has its Fifth Columnists. It can happen right here, in a book review. They are practising their nefarious work on hard-working authors and sabotaging their sales. If ever a book had sand put into its bearings, it is "Ladies in Boxes." I am going to get Walter Winchell to denounce the fiend.

Now, this is no Child's Dream of a Star. Actual financial damage has been done to my brain children, all three of those Ladies in Boxes. Who wants to buy a Whodunit when they have been told who done it? You don't run after a bus after you've caught onto it, do you? In the city where that dastardly review was published, the sales of "Ladies in Boxes" have dropped thousands of copies.

Listen. D'you remember when the American Society of Magicians sued an advertiser who was giving away their secrets and showing with diagrams how ladies could be, not put into boxes, but sawed in two in them, and painlessly? They won their suit by proving that the ads injured their magic business. Why then shouldn't I sue the reviewer who committed mayhem on my novel?

Do dramatic critics give away the trick ending of a mystery play? The answer is NO in 36-point Bodoni Bold. Why, didn't the producer of "The Eleventh Chair" even try to make the audiences promise not to go home and reveal the secret to the wife and kids? The answer this time is Yes. Don't publishers sometimes seal up the last pages of mystery books for fear the solution will evaporate?

All my correspondents agree that professional etiquette and an unwritten law forbid a reviewer to betray the author's mystery secret, which he has so artfully and painstakingly tried to conceal. Charles Lee, the Literary editor of the Philadelphia *Record*, writes me:

> The story belongs to the author; it is his work and should not be fully condensed or anticipated by the reviewer . . . this is, if possible, even more true in the case of mystery stories . . . when the reviewer of a mystery story explains the mystery he has committed a crime not only against his craft and the author, but the reader as well.

Clifton Fadiman of *The New Yorker* says, "No, I don't think he has (the right to give away the plot); it's a thing generally understood among reviewers." Lewis Gannett of the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune* says: "Obviously it is a critical sin for a reviewer to betray the solution of a mystery story." Helen Bower of the Detroit *Free Press* says, "No, a thousand times, No! On the face of it, that would spoil the whole thing, and defeat the purpose of the story." Gerald Johnson, who reviews Whodunits for the Baltimore *Sun*, writes, "Any reviewer who gives away the plot of a Whodunit should be not only banged, but drawn and quartered, too."

Many other reviewers have expressed the same thought, and offered me sympathy. But they can't unscramble the mess that reviewer made of my poor "Ladies in Boxes." The mischief is done.

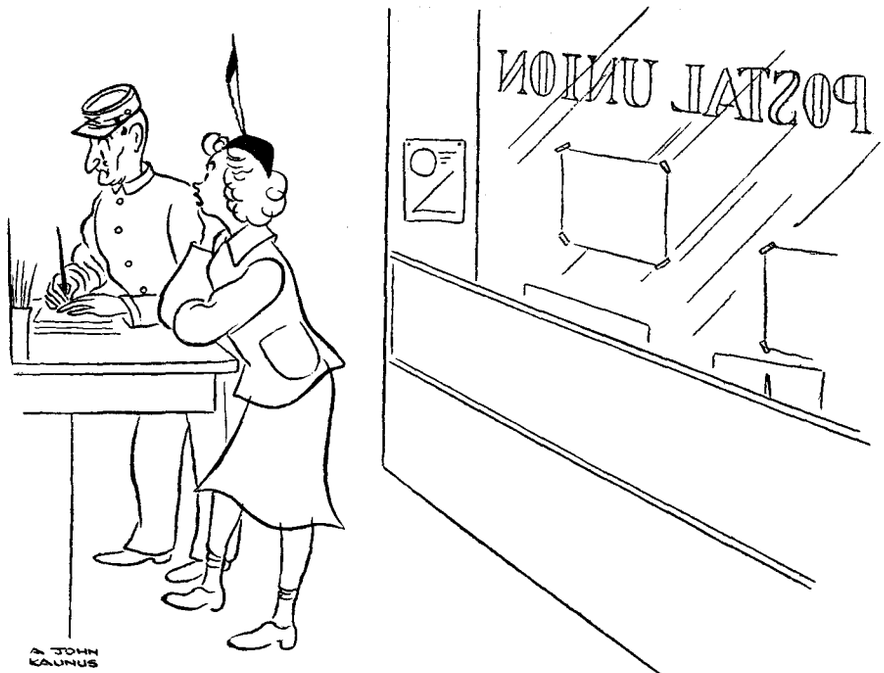
Now you may perhaps think it must have been a slip, an oversight or ignorance on the part of the reviewer, who is called by her literary editor, "Our No. 1 critic; she is experienced competent and conscientious." The review was deliberate and intentional in its revelation. And so as there are always two sides to a question, let me repeat his justification of the Fifth Column reviewer in her sabotage.

> After re-reading our review I do not quite see your point. Every mystery fan knows that the villain is always foiled in the end . . . as a matter of fact, the oftener I read the review the more convinced I become that it should help rather than hinder the sale of your book.

Well, a reviewer who indulges in such fairytale logic would no doubt try to convince me that if he punctured the tire of my car it would run much better.

And so, Mr. Anthony, this is my problem. Shall I sue that reviewer, hamstring him, or wait till he writes a novel and then go on the air about it? But still, if you're the kind of reader who always turns to the last pages of a novel first, to see whether she married the boy or not, please don't answer.

GELETT BURGESS.



"But, Grandpa, maybe General MacArthur won't like all these collect cablegrams."

Who Wrote This?

SIR:—I should greatly appreciate it if any of your readers could supply me with information as to the derivation of these lines of poetry:

> "Like a feather wafted downward
> From an eagle in his flight."

I had originally thought Wordsworth to be the author of these lines, but could find them in no edition of his poetry, so I am turning to your readers for assistance.

E. RICHARD SCHLESINGER.
Cambridge, Mass.

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TRADE WINDS

DO YOU REMEMBER the *Golden Book* Magazine? Under the editorship first of Henry Lanier, and later of the ravishing Fredericka Pisek (now Mrs. Barach of the War Writers' Board) it worked up to a whopping circulation in the twenties by reprinting short stories and poems by dead masters. It developed that people were just as willing to read a war analysis by Thucydides as, in a later day, an exceedingly less informed one by Major Eliot. A satirical verse by Horace proved as salable as one by Sam Hoffenstein, and Machiavelli's "Prince" trumped Ellery's Queen. Those fine old boys never peeped about the elision of an occasional line, and their royalties, in the publishers' opinion, were just about right. For one reason and another, the *Golden Book* faded out after a while, but the formula still seemed sound. Now there has appeared a refugee from Wall Street, apparently heeled to the teeth, who has polished up the *Golden Book* recipe, mixed carefully with a little paprika and *Reader's Digest,* and produced a new magazine called *Encore.* He describes it as a "continuing anthology" and a "literary museum." We've examined his first nine issues, and opine he will make the grade.

Dent Smith is the doggonedest gent for a magazine editor that we ever did see. He is the Gary Cooper type, steely eyed and unsmiling. He was born in Virginia, and went to college at Auburn. He knows what he wants, and how to get it.

In 1923, he set off from Palm Springs for a year in the desert, with about a thousand dollars in his jeans. When that stake was gone, Smith decided that before his next "escape" junket, he would really be in the money. He headed for Broad and Wall, and turned into a traction magnate. In the thirties, when his confreres were looking for convenient ledges to leap from, Dent Smith became the owner, as he puts it, of the fourth wheel on every darned trolley car in the United States. Street railways went to pot in the forgotten days of unlimited gas for unlimited automobiles, but Mr. Smith very definitely did not go with them. He retired to Hoboken, New Jersey, of all places, and there, in a penthouse office overlooking about two hundred saloons, and with a staff of five girls, not one of whom had the faintest knowledge of publishing, Mr. Smith prepared to indulge his fancies in earnest. *Encore* was his new "escape."

The first issue of *Encore* is dated February, 1942. It includes pieces by Dickens, Maupassant, Tom Paine, Coleridge, and among those still above ground, Mencken, Huxley, and Dotty Parker. There is also a generous selection of the writings of Dent Smith. His "Editor's Elbowroom" states the purpose of the magazine in sonorous phrases, with an early Mencken-Nathanish undertone. "In all sorts of out-of-the-way places one comes upon agreeable persons of much intellectual capacity," writes Smith, "who have been victimized by enforced association with the glib cheap-Charlies and illiterate bachelors of arts predominating in their environment . . . Thousands of honest but disillusioned citizens turn away from the dreary, when not utterly nauseous, spectacle of contemporary periodical literature. Regrettably enough, I myself have been obliged to share their awkward fate . . . Out of this grand, this stupendous, this almost sublime disgust, is *Encore* born." This is just the sort of pompous stuff that you might expect from any self-made tycoon indulging himself with a brief, if costly, whirl in the publishing business. If Mr. S. hadn't gone on from there, you wouldn't be reading about him here.

Smith printed fifty thousand copies of the first issue of *Encore,* to sell at twenty-five cents apiece. The American News Company handled his distribution. "How many were sold?" I asked him. "About fourteen thousand." "Where are the rest of them?" "Over in my loft in Hoboken." "How many did you print of the second number?" "Fifty thousand." "I see," (dubiously). "I raised it to sixty thousand with the June issue." "Why? Did sales justify the jump?" "Hell, no! I felt like it!" Mr. Smith is like that.

—SRL Caricature by Pierotti
Dent Smith

Looking through the nine issues of *Encore,* you cannot fail to be impressed with the soundness of Dent Smith's literary judgment. He selects not only the best authors, but the best available pieces by those authors. If he derives a naive pleasure from inserting a story of his own between

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THREE-WORD QUOTATIONS

Mr. A. C. Palmer, of Pomfret Center, Connecticut, is the author of this week's quiz. He submits 20 three-word quotations which are at the same time three-word sentences and invites you to match them up with their proper poets. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 20.

1. Melancholy marked him.	( )	Byron
2. He could write.	( )	Coleridge
3. I pacified Psyche.	( )	Fitzgerald
4. He had reasons.	( )	Goldsmith
5. The moonlight sleeps.	( )	Gray
6. God fulfils himself.	( )	Holmes
7. Men must work.	( )	Hunt
8. They didn't tell.	( )	Keats
9. Dig the grave.	( )	Kingsley
10. Speak for yourself.	( )	Kipling
11. What mad pursuit?	( )	Longfellow
12. Strike other chords.	( )	Marlowe
13. Hope springs eternal.	( )	Poe
14. Logic is logic.	( )	Pope
15. The rainbow comes.	( )	Robinson
16. Exult, O shores.	( )	Shakespeare
17. Take the Cash.	( )	Stevenson
18. What writest thou?	( )	Tennyson
19. I fear thee.	( )	Whitman
20. Make me immortal.	( )	Wordsworth

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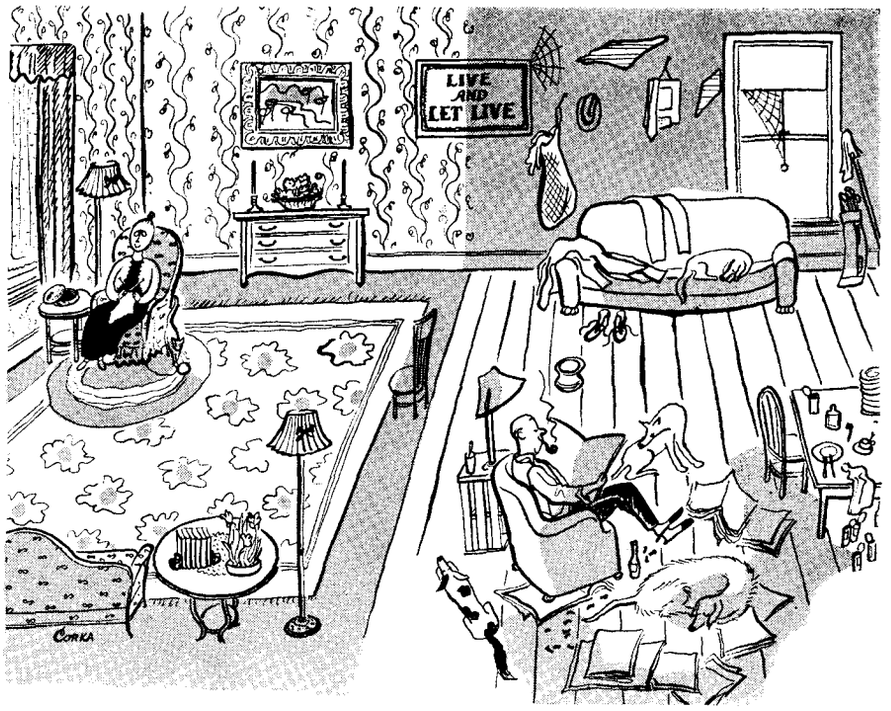
pieces by Saki, Thomas Wolfe, Queen Elizabeth, and Rousseau, remember that it's his money, and he's spending plenty of it.

His circulation is now up to twenty-five thousand. At double that figure he may break even. Smith wants no part of a circulation or promotion manager. "No high pressure stuff for me. This is my fun, and I'm on my way alone!" So if you want to see what the current issue of *Encore* looks like, and you can't find a copy at your newsstand, you'll have to mail a quarter to the *Encore* office, at 77 River Street, Hoboken. Knock twice, and tell them Bennett sent you. Dent Smith seems to need your quarter as much as Goering needs another medal, but you will get your full money's worth, and a chance to appraise the most unusual magazine venture of the day . . .

THIS WAS THE WEEK when all good little book reviewers and columnists received extra dividends in the form of a live praying mantis and an autographed copy of Gypsy Rose Lee's new book. The mantis was a notion Ray Bond whipped up to publicize Edwin Teale's forthcoming "Near Horizons." It is supposed to snap at a hamburger if it's offered on a pair of tweezers. Ours does nothing of the sort, however, and we're about to give the whole thing up and try experimenting on Gypsy . . . One of the nicest things about writing "Trade Winds" is the privilege it earns us of attending the Wednesday staff luncheon of the *Review*. A newcomer to these occasions is J. R. Cominsky, formerly of the *New York Times*, and now the advertising manager of the *Review*. After listening to a few of his newspaper reminiscences, we returned to our office, and phoned Norman Cousins ecstatically. "Take very good care of Mr. Cominsky," we implored. "We calculate that he represents a minimum of twenty Trade Winds on the hoof." . . . John Mason Brown's new book, a story of his recent hospitalization, will be named "Insides Out." . . . Franklin Watts is off to a flying start as a publisher with "Voices of History," which includes sixty-seven vital speeches by leaders of the world in 1941, and is planned as the first of an annual series . . . Chester Kerr reports that a quotation from Saroyan the Great is the inspiration for a poster in the O.W.I. office in Washington. "He knew the truth," it reads, "but he was looking for something better." . . .

In the course of their invasion of the U.S.S.R., the Nazis have wantonly destroyed the homes, libraries, and sacred relics of three of Russia's greatest artists: Tolstoy, Tchaikowsky, and Chekhov. The film "Moscow Strikes Back" pictures the ruins of these shrines. They will be restored, of course, and the works of the three masters will live on when Hitler and Nazidom are nothing more than a filthy smear on the pages of history . . .



A NEW YORK PUBLISHER received the following letter last week from a soldier at Camp Dix:

Sir: I'm in the Army. Private, first class. So what?

I figured that this is the chance I've been waiting for to be an author. I look over those best seller lists every Sunday and I see where "Private Hargrove" and "Private Purkey" and "Gone with the Draft" and all that sort of book is moving along high, wide, and handsome. I says to myself, why can't I get on this good thing too. That's before I study my competition.

Hell, I'm not eligible!

In the first place, I can spell. I graduated from an ordinary public school. My grammar and my education aren't so hot that Mr. Fadiman is going to parlay a furlough for me to get me on "Information Please," but I talk English like any normal citizen in the Army or the town I come from. It seems to me that the only illiterate—or is it illiterit—privates in this man's army are the ones who are writing those best sellers!

Next, I've only been on K. P. once since I got to camp. Take Hargrove, for instance, he spells better than me, but what kind of a guy is it that's in the kitchen as much as he is? If you ask me, that guy thought up ways to get in trouble just so he could write pieces about it!

Next, I think my sergeant is not only the smartest guy in my whole outfit—including the general—but that he has gone out of his way a hundred times to make things easy for me. He never stole any girl of mine. In fact, he introduced me to his sister, and she is a peach. But definitely!

But this is the topper. *I HATE TO WRITE LETTERS!* When I have to send word home, I'd rather telegraph. It costs a lot more, but it saves me time, and I like the effect I get with a ten word wire.

So this is to let you know that I have decided not to write an army book for you.

The Hell with it!

Respectfully . . . .

SPEAKING of "See Here, Private Hargrove," its author, now a corporal assigned to the editorial staff of the Army weekly, *Yank*, was lunching recently at a Lexington Avenue cafeteria, when a round little man tapped him on the shoulder. "Say," he exclaimed, "has anybody told you that you're the spitting image of that fellow Hargrove?" "And who might that fellow Hargrove be?" asked the Corporal idly. "You've got me there, son," was the answer. "All I know is that I work for the *News* picture department, and they sent up about a dozen pictures of him this morning. You certainly look like him, whoever he is!" . . . Another soldier's letter, admirably brief and to the point, was received by Pocket Books recently. "Your Dale Carnegie book," it read, "has helped me a great deal to win friends in the United States Army. Will you please send me C.O.D. anything you have on the Sex Technique?" . . .

BENNETT CERF.

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Bemelmans, Bemelmans, Bemelmans

I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU. By Ludwig Bemelmans. New York: The Viking Press. 1942. 207 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

IN "I Love You, I Love You, I Love You," we find Ludwig Bemelmans at his best, and even to find Mr. Bemelmans at his less best, or, for that matter to find him at all, is to experience a very curious sort of emotional joy, the creating of which is his special gift. Unlike "Hotel Splendide" which confines its narratives to those of life belowstairs in a well-known New York hostelry, the present volume comprises a collection of sketches, short stories, and autobiographical anecdotes, every page of which, to this reviewer at any rate, is sheer delight. A book brimming over with humor, understanding, and cock-eyed wisdom, it is alternately side-splittingly funny and nostalgically moving.

The subjects about which Mr. Bemelmans writes vary as widely as the locales through which he wanders. The grim sight of the *Normandie* wallowing on her side in the North River sets him recalling the fabulous days before 1938 when he and his family crossed in her under protest in a *suite de grand luxe* and returned with difficulty in a small cabin of the third class. There are a number of enchanting sketches concerning his small daughter Barbara who, he claims, "everywhere, with the nose of a retriever, has found out and attached herself immediately to some socially maladjusted individual." In Paris, Barbara attached herself to an

—Bemelmanses from the book.

underworld *apache* named Georges who "looked like an advertisement for a *bal musette*" and who became the child's nurse, proudly conducting her daily about the city with admirable care. A less felicitous time for Barbara was her brief sojourn at Camp Nomopo, an Adirondack establishment for small girls from whence she was rescued smelling of garlic and unwashed hair, "the most complete portrait of misery I have ever seen, not excepting El Greco." And there is the giddy vacation trip on which Barbara devours 28-inch salami sandwiches in New Orleans, counts dead pigs in Florida, and, on the heels of an automobile collision in Delaware, repays her doting parent by causing him to be found guilty by a local magistrate. In addition to the stories of Barbara, there are a number of entertaining narratives concerning people, some quaintly remarkable, some alarming, all of them more or less lovable. One is diverted by further exploits of Georges the gangster and his partner, the fake art dealer de Glenzer. One follows with vast amusement the fruitless attempts of the photographer Zygmut Pisik, alias Von Schonberg, alias de Beaumont, to gain the glacial favors of the model Toots. And one shudders over the heinous behavior of Teddy, a precocious and particularly nefarious waif. There is a grimly hilarious chapter on the author's struggles to avoid having to purchase a shrunken human head in Ecuador and an equally absorbing account of a moment in Haiti when he hired as valet and general courier an ex-pastry cook who proved to be a "doubleur" escaped from Devil's Island.

The prize of the lot, however, is "Bride of Berchtesgaden," a screamingly funny and at the same time terrifying report of Mr. Bemelmans's personal experience with the Gestapo when, after becoming inflamed with a sense of outraged justice and seven glasses of *gluhwein,* he gave an ill-timed imitation of Hitler. For the sake of the hilarious pleasure this story alone must rouse in whoever reads it, it is well worth purchasing the book.

Ludwig Bemelmans has the ability to make one laugh, and laugh aloud. He can also make one weep a little and with this book in hand one can for a time forget the headlines in the papers. Yet his is no literature of escape for he himself is not seeking to escape. He looks about him at the world and finds it pretty bad, but he finds in it people who are funny and quaint and touching and he writes

about them with insight, sympathy, and gentle humor. His style, original, yet easy, has occasionally an almost childish quality which gives it freshness and charm. He can write about the most sophisticated or even shocking matters in language of the Second Primer and make it all extremely charming. In fact, he writes the way he draws, and the present volume is generously embellished by the quaint illustrations of his which make all his books peculiarly endearing. His is a zest for life which is blessedly not over-optimistic nor over-robust, but humane, unillusioned, imaginative, and intensely funny. In short, for these grim days, "I Love You, I Love You, I Love You," is just what the doctor ordered.

Unsure

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

WHAT cat asks anyone's advice
On how her kittens should be raised?
What bird concerns himself to find
If his just-uttered song be praised?

The fish that travels up the stream,
The bee that wings the summer airs
Demand no outer chart nor guide
To lead them on their own affairs.

O mind, you have too many thoughts
From many minds of men long dead.
One thought says this, one thought says that,
Denying what was said.

Even the heart has been to school.
No signal sharp and pure
Bids it obey. It hesitates
Checked, buffeted, unsure.

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Halper . . .

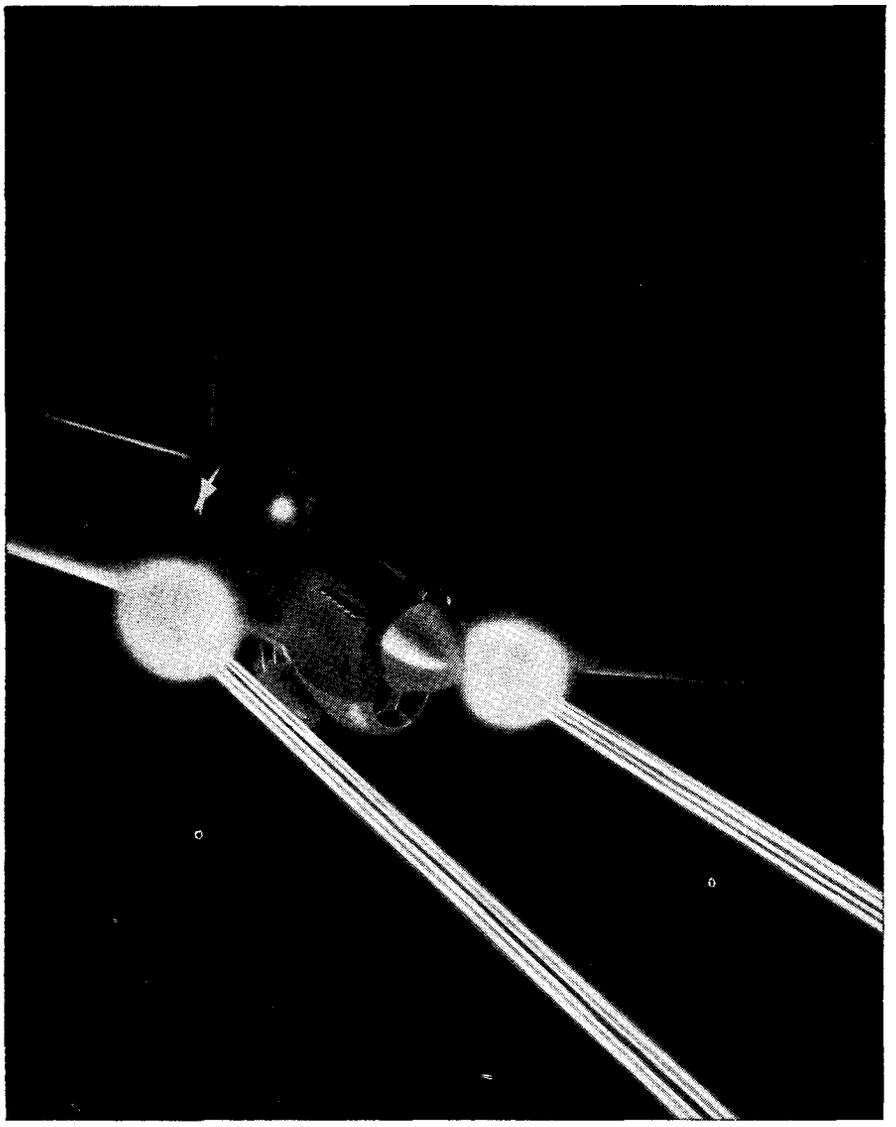
THE LITTLE PEOPLE. By Albert Halper. New York: Harper & Brothers. 942. 402 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

TO those who have read all of Mr. Halper's novels it has already become clear that he is engaged in a large and ambitious plan of work. It should be possible to mention the "Comédie Humaine" without exposing Halper to any unhappy comparisons with Balzac; there is no question here of genius, but of intent. He is constructing, at any rate, a series of human histories, allied in character and meaning, for which "The Little People," the title of this book, would indeed be the perfect collective title. In "Union Square" he used that focal spot as a unifying element for his study of a group of characters, but he very soon discovered a more significant, and much more successful, type of focal point: the industrial unit. Thus it was that "The Foundry" offered for study a naturally isolated community of workers in the electrotype industry, "The Chute" examined the labyrinthine ways of a huge mail-order house, and, now, "The Little People" explores the life, above and below stairs, of a large department store. Any one of these books holds a world of life and struggle in it, but collectively they achieve a magnificent, soaring power, as a history, in foundry, factory, shop, of the little people everywhere.

Power would seem to be a strange product of the materials at hand, oblique perhaps, and tangential. For

Albert Halper



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THIS fighter plane, with its six wing guns spitting fire, uses up enough copper every minute to make several miles of telephone line.

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Right now, our lines are flooded with Long Distance calls. Most of them have to do with the war — they must have the right of way.

Will you help us keep the wires clear for war calls —industrial calls that send a plane down the assembly line — military calls that send it into the air against the enemy?

You can do it by keeping your own calls as few and as brief as possible. And you'll be bringing Victory that much nearer.

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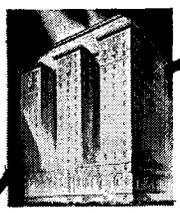

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no one of the little people is big, or dominant. There is not even a great rebel to cry out, or a great villain to flame with evil, They are good, in a blundering way, like Oscar the hatter, or they are innocent with an innocence allied to stupidity, like Helen the salesgirl, or they are carelessly lecherous, like Chetwood, in men's wear, or they are hot for life, blind puppies rushing into obstructions, like Al the elevator boy. Al seems the best, the completest portrait in the book, but you will find many others, meek and small and desirous in a constant sweating, aspiring tangle. Of course we follow them home from the store to their several private lives. There is one splendid study of a Sunday, hour by hour, in which Halper steps from character to character, street to street, in the best kind of collective writing he has ever done. It has been said that Halper cannot write. That was never true, but it is true that he is growing perceptibly in technical means and effectiveness. The emotional impact of the separate tragedies of Helen and of Al, the varied approaches to such characters as John Narhigian, Fanny Nussbaum, Chetwood, Miss Boyle, the sure capture of the department store atmosphere, not as an external spectacle but as a mechanism viewed from within, a clerk's eye view—these imply not only an intent but, as well, good literary craftsmanship for its consummation.

Certainly there is no surer ear than Halper's for the half-inarticulate talk of the little people, choked with clichés and repressed passions. How startling, contrasted with this hard, forced chatter, is the lushness of their dreams. It is of this talk and these dreams, added and mounting, that Halper's history is being built. "The Little People" is in many respects one of its most impressive sections.

Agnes Sligh Turnbull

Turnbull...

THE DAY MUST DAWN. By Agnes Sligh Turnbull. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1942. 483 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

"MAYBE this is the way it is. There's some that must go before and some that must come after. There's some that must cut down the wilderness and break the rough ground and maybe wet it with their blood. And then there's some that will come after and live on the fat of the land. God must sort out which is which." This was Martha Murray's thought as she concluded the entry in her intermittent journal on May 16, 1778. It had been a hard winter in the frontier village of Hannastown, a day's journey east of Pittsburgh, and the spring had brought renewed attacks from the Indians. Just the day before, returning with her family from Colonel Proctor's where the Blind Preacher had quickened his Scotch-Irish listeners with noble exhortation, she had come upon the scalped body of her friend Hannah MacRoberts, victim with her husband and two children of a sudden ambush. There was no end to it; nothing but increasing danger, back-breaking toil, and no visible reward for it all. Martha belonged to those that go before. She would have liked the gentler ways of Philadelphia, the refinements of urban domesticity, but she accepted her lot with all its work and its peril, its losses and its deprivations, and gave no outward sign of complaint. She might question in her journal, but no one of the family, no neighbor, would ever detect her doubts.

This quietly moving novel is her story. It is the portrait of a sober heroine, the epitome of all those innumerable great-hearted women who contributed with their labor and their sacrifices as much towards the creation of America as did their more spectacular and more celebrated husbands. She is the more readily understood and appreciated because she is not the blind creature of circumstance, because she quite accurately evaluates her own capacities. Her one secret and overwhelming ambition is to save her daughter, Violet, the only surviving child of five, from this life of endless pioneering hardships. To this end she exerts all her instincts and fosters a match that would carry Violet back to the ease and safety of the coast. Young love, however, is against her; Violet marries a backwoodsman like her father. Even this

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defeat breeds in her no bitterness. It is the most crushing of her disappointments, but she meets it with courage and understanding. Violet, too, must be with those that go before.

Mrs. Turnbull's artistry in fashioning this chronicle deserves the highest praise. She has not lavished her attention upon the central figure at the expense of the other characters; each is so firmly drawn as to be impressively real. She has thoroughly mastered the background and has made sharp and vivid every detail of that primitive life, from the plain drudgery of candle-dipping to the festive frivolity of a kissing-party. And, most important of all, she never drops into pathos. She has kept the touch so light, the tone so cheerful, that there is no place for permanent gloom in the lives of her brave and solid people.

Ross . . .

THE STRANGER. By Lillian Bos Ross. New York: Morrow. 1942. 282 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG.

ZANDE ALLEN was a cattle rancher of the 1870's along the upper California coast. The country was still cruel and hard and so was Zande, but he was eminently just according to his lights; the difficulty being that raw male egotism made him accord large measures of justice to Zande, reserving small bits for his mail order wife if there was any left over.

The mail order wife was a reasonably urbane young woman from Kansas, who had worked at all kinds of minor employments and was seeking a secure place in the world, and a part of the world. Not even her first experiences with her solitary, half-savage husband, a long horseback ride to a lonely, filthy cabin and a brutal assault and rape on her bridal night could take from her her satisfaction at being part owner of a fixed home.

Her gentle devices very slowly assuaged some of the arrogance and tyranny of her husband, but the work was all undone when the girl exchanged mere casual politeness with a stranger from the east. It appeared that the stranger had once visited Kansas and to the brute mind it seemed that since both had been in Kansas there must have been something between them in the old days. Zande grew more unreasonable than ever. Partly in revenge, he had a passing affair with a Mexican girl.

The wife discovered this, though he did not know it, and abruptly refused to have anything more to do with him or speak to him, while she prepared to take the next boat down to the stage station for the east. A faint sense of his own injustice and more sharply, of his own guilt, drove Zande down to San Francisco—to his astonishment he found he could not stay there. The solution is worked out largely in Zande's own character, though with the wife's new twins as potent auxiliaries.

This is an excellent piece of work in every respect. The development of the hero, from an intolerable ruffian to a sympathetic character, is very well and credibly done. The scene is fresh and the most is made of it; the writing itself has a good deal of the hero's own brutal strength.

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I feel the measureless shame and humiliation of my race, it becomes all mine—

. . . . . .

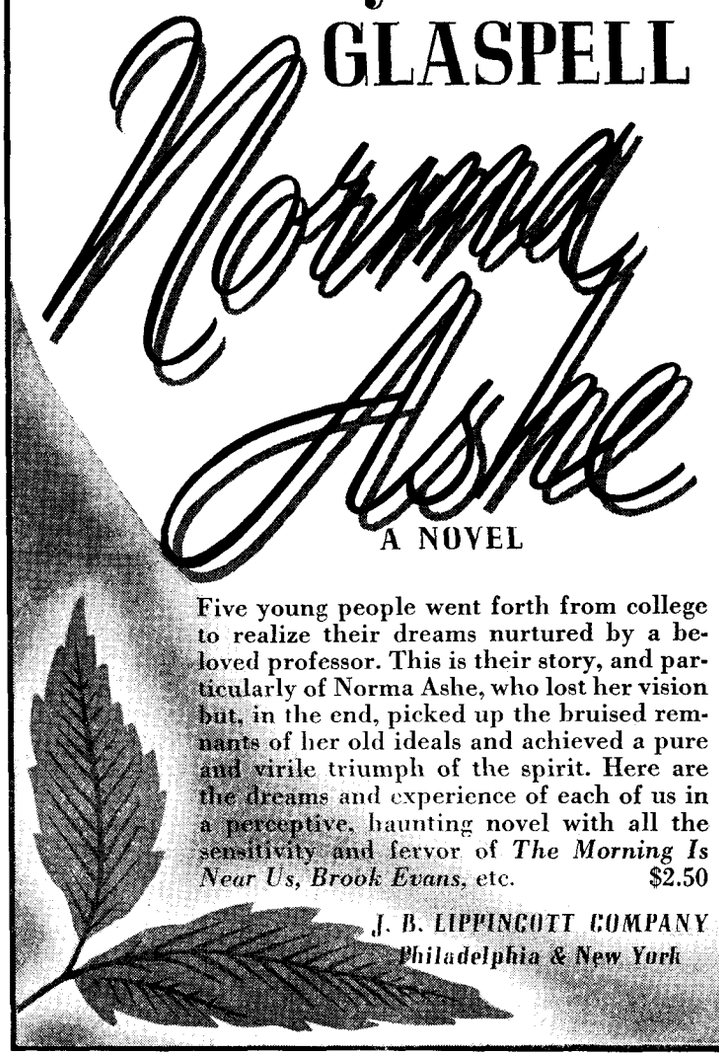
Sing to my soul, renew its languishing faith and hope,

Rouse up my slow belief, give me some vision of the future,

Give me for once its prophecy and joy.

The spiritual triumph of a woman trapped between love of a man and love of an ideal

by SUSAN GLASPELL



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—IRWIN EDMAN, *The Nation*

MYTHOLOGY

By Edith Hamilton

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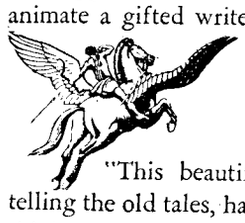

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L B

STRATEGY AND COMMUNICATIONS IN RUSSIA

(*Continued from page* 9)

the cutting of the pipeline right down to Grosny. North-South rail connection has been severed, and one of the main granaries of the Soviet, the vast steppeland south and east of Rostov, is in German hands.

This was probably the limited objective of the German Staff—the crippling of Russian supply and transport at any rate in the southern sector. They have achieved a noteworthy success, when we consider the staggering problems of supply and transport which they have overcome in spite of the enormous length of their lines of communication.

However we know that the Russians are most dangerous in winter. We have had so many instances of this—the drive into Armenia in the winter of 1916, the attack on Finland in an Arctic December, and the recent and very successful counterattack before Moscow last year between December 7th and the end of February. We know that this body blow shook the German General Staff, many of whom were in favor of retreating right back to the frontier. It should therefore surprise none to see a rapid reversal of fortune, when the steppeland is ice-bound once more. In fact, we should be surprised if the Russians did not stage some such counter-blow.

A serious omission in this well-documented work is a chapter on the role which communications will play in this war. From recent events in the Mediterranean, in the Barents Sea, in the Caribbean, in a word in all the Seven Seas, it is so patent that the outcome of military operations in this global war depends in the last resort on keeping our lifelines open and denying them to the enemy. This important aspect therefore merits pride of place in a work of this nature, and it is unfortunate that Mr. Werner with his obvious capacity for painstaking research and recording ability should not have touched on it.

We know that this was the rock on which the German War machine foundered in the last War. The "Ukrainian psychosis" has driven them once more into Russia—("the Ukraine is absolutely necessary for German war economy, because it feeds 1,000,000 men in the front line"—Ludendorf). As on the previous occasion they will not be able to move the harvest—("we need 500 trains, and of course we have not got them"—Ludendorf). Oil men say they will need six months to a year to start Maikop producing again, and then will only be able to use the oil locally, unless they hold Tuapse and use the port installation for shipping crude oil by tanker to Costanza. If the Germans succeed in maintaining their hold on the banks of the Volga and the shores of the Black Sea, they will have dealt a shattering blow to Russian supply and transport. But this is Germany's Achilles' heel too, and the whole European railway system is now creaking its way to a breakdown, as happened in 1918. "There is no more meat and we cannot move the potatoes; we are 4,000 freight cars a day short of our minimum requirements" (Imperial Chancellor Schneidemann). The long-term effect of this over-extension has hardly been touched on by Mr. Werner.

THE author's conception of the intercorrelation of the three arms is aptly argued, and will support the body of material now being published to refute the theories of the protagonists of the one-arm school, most of whom choose the most spectacular and therefore the most easily swallowed by the public—the air arm. By no one, however, have these untenable theories been so neatly punctured as by Major Eliot in the *New York Herald* of September 30th, when he gave the 61 square miles of Malta as the outstanding example of the impossibility of reducing even a minor "place forte" by air power alone. Throughout this book, he gives us to understand that there was a "technical and production" equality between Russia and Germany, and quotes General Westhofen who attributes German successes "in spite of equality in equipment" to superior tactics and particularly better organization. Only once does he speak of the relative superiority of the Germans in offensive weapons, whereas it is a matter of common knowledge that the Germans had a definite edge.

He says little about the campaign in the Pacific, and attributes our temporary setback in this theatre to an inadequate military policy of coalition. It is true that Japan did profit to some extent from the lack of coördinated action in the camp of its enemies. But the initial success of the Nipponese was due entirely to our unpreparedness, and under such conditions a concentric attack from our Pacific bases, such as he avers should have been executed, was out of the question, because we did not have the material for it. Japan has now been halted because she has got to the end of her tether and her lines are hopelessly over-extended. Singapore, that key point of the Southwestern Pacific,

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might have been saved, but only at the cost of abandoning everything else. In general however the Japanese outnumbered us by four to one, plus ten years of intensive preparation.

Japan's inherent weakness is dismissed in a few words—"her limited merchant marine." Admiral Tojo himself has stated that Japan needs another 15,000,000 tons of shipping and has not much more than four million in service, with a capacity of somewhat over 500,000 tons of new construction a year. American naval and air strategy is directed to further curtailing her extremely exiguous shipping resources. The capture of advanced island bases for air patrol and submarine operations will do far more for the undoing of Japan than any of the frontal assaults advocated by armchair strategists: these must be deferred until we are ready.

The United Nations have a better chance of correlating their strategy and of formulating a "military policy of coalition" than have the European and Asiatic partners of the Axis, who are separated by unbridgeable distances, and the time for concerted offensive action is fast approaching.

In calling for a bolder coalition strategy, Mr. Werner is in reality advocating a rash one, because we can be very sure that the Combined Chiefs of Staffs have this constantly in mind, and the move will be made at the first moment they consider possible, and not at the time of choosing of an ill-informed public, with which the author so unfortunately associates himself. He falsely attributes the delay in creating this much touted second front to delay in coalition planning and consequent failure to coördinate Inter-Allied strategy to the best effect. Among the cognoscenti, it is common knowledge that the second front will come when we are sure of delivering to the point of onslaught a preponderance of material, as compared to the volume of fire we shall have to meet, and above all, there must be no question of our absolute supremacy in the air. That moment is not far distant, and the worst feature of an otherwise valuable book is the author's willful dismissal of these vital factors, in joining an ill-informed public in bringing inopportune pressure on the Combined Staff. His sympathies with the Russian cause are clear throughout; these sympathies are shared by all of us, and we yield to no one in our admiration of their magnificent resistance and in our appreciation of the unparalleled services they are rendering to the common cause. At this moment, however, only rash action can divert the irresistible flow of the hidden forces which are working for the downfall of the Axis.

Careful editing after translation from the original German would have vastly improved this book, which is throughout prolix and reiterative in the approved and traditional German style. As a historical document it will find its place, but it offers little guidance on strategic thinking.

TOLSTOY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

(Continued from page 9)

struggle he offers her marriage and is accepted. He does not, however, consider it necessary to inform his extremely young fiancée about his wife and children, because in the eyes of the law he was not married.

When the gypsy wife learns of Serge's engagement and his plans for the wedding she threatens to bring the affair before the Czar, making it impossible for Serge to get the sovereign's permission to wed. After a bitter quarrel between husband and wife Tolstoy is asked by his brother to inform Tanya of the tragic situation. We know from the scene in "War and Peace" in which Pierre tells Natasha about Kuragin's marriage how deeply Tolstoy was affected. The revelation about Serge's wife and children made a catastrophic impression on Tanya. She tried to swallow poison and was seriously ill. Subsequently she married young Kusminski.

In translating these experiences into "War and Peace" the author copies the original Tanya in his description of Natasha, but he was unable to handle his own brother. From all accounts, including Kusminskaia's, Serge was in every other way an honorable man and Tolstoy, apparently, found it too painfully difficult to explain the complexity of his brother's unchivalrous behavior. It is possible that his own deep affection for Tanya precluded objectivity. Consequently he went to the other extreme and produced the unrelieved libertine, Anatole Kuragin. Kusminskaia's version of the Natasha romance is one specific illustration of Tolstoy's actual relation to the leading persons in the book.

In planning "War and Peace" Tolstoy's first intention was to write the story of the Decembrist insurrection of 1825. One of the rebels, Prince Volkonsky, was related to the Tolstoys. Later the author decided to "write about ourselves," as he put it. The result is not, however, merely a family chronicle, or a picture of Napoleon's

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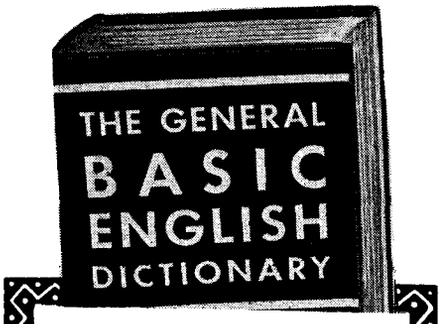

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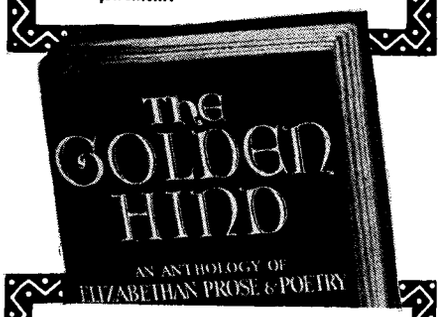

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It all drives home the point that Russia was poverty stricken and reaction was in the saddle, but that did not undermine Tolstoy's confidence in the people. In the matter of complete faith in his countrymen Tolstoy was not an exception. All Russia's literary giants found their inspiration among the people. They knew how to distinguish between the government and the masses. During the most reactionary period in the history of the country, after the Napoleonic invasion and until the accession of Alexander II, Russia's writers and intellectuals were busy fighting serfdom and spreading enlightenment. Not for a moment did they falter in their faith in the people, or seek inspiration in the Latin Quarter of Paris, or any other foreign country. They were always in the first ranks of the home front. "War and Peace" is very timely for more than one reason, but its most vital message, so far as our own novelists are concerned, is in the relation of the king of realism to his countrymen.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

12. Byron: The Isles of Greece.
19. Coleridge: The Ancient Mariner.
17. Fitzgerald: The Rubaiyat.
2. Goldsmith: The Deserted Village.
1. Gray: Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.
14. Holmes: The Deacon's Masterpiece.
18. Hunt: Abou Ben Adhem.
11. Keats: Ode on a Grecian Urn.
7. Kingsley: The Three Fishers.
8. Kipling: When 'Omer Smote 'is Bloomin' Lyre.
10. Longfellow: Courtship of Miles Standish.
20. Marlowe: Faustus.
3. Poe: Ulalume.
13. Pope: Essay on Man.
4. Robinson: Miniver Cheevy.
5. Shakespeare: The Merchant of Venice.
9. Stevenson: Requiem.
6. Tennyson: Morte D'Arthur.
16. Whitman: O Captain! My Captain!
15. Wordsworth: Ode on Intimations of Immortality.

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Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1942.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Anthony J. Passaretti, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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(Signed) ANTHONY J. PASSARETTI,
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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of October, 1942. Sara Gross, Notary Public, New York County Clerk's No. 270. Register's No. 4G35. Commission Expires March 30, 1944.

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The Phenomenon of Farben

PATENTS FOR HITLER. By Guenter Reimann. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1942. 338 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DANIEL BELL

THE literature of "exposé," from the muckraking of Henry Demerest Lloyd and Ida Tarbell to the present day, is replete with empirical insights into the workings of our social system. But it is often forgotten that its sources were mainly the bulky volumes of Congressional investigating committees. No private investigators could possibly match the wealth of documents produced by a *subpoena duces te cum* or the opportunities for rigid cross-examination for hard-driving committee counsel. So from the voluminous files of the Pujo, the Nye, the Black, and latterly the Bone and Truman Committees, we have contributions like Louis Brandeis's "Other People's Money," Hanighen-Engelbrecht's "Merchants of Death," Kenneth Crawford's "The Pressure Boys," and now Guenter Reimann's "Patents for Hitler."

The story Reimann tells has its roots in what might be called the Technical or Second Industrial Revolution, a development whose first phase the war has brought to a close, and whose new larger chapter the war is writing. New chemical synthetic products are constantly coming to the fore. But the conflict between "industry" and "business'" which Thorstein Veblen etched so deeply into our consciousness with his discussions of "sabotage," again crops up. Here the deadweight of an older vested-interest financial structure is holding back the new revolution of synthetic and light metals. That is the significant implication of Reimann's reporting.

The 1914 era of international rivalries and wars between domestic national monopolies has today become a closed book. Behemoths like Standard Oil and Shell no longer grapple for world domination and empire in the old ways. Paper agreements have been substituted for world-wide brawls. Patents rights have been used to sustain international agreements which divided up the world market and provided for the strangling of strategic industries where possible competitive threats might show themselves. It is this patent system, as Reimann conclusively points out, that forced the curtailment of new technological developments vital to national defense.

But that was not all. For, while a giant combine like Germany's I.G. Farben was a partner and ally in maintaining the economic empires of Standard Oil and others, it served also as an instrument of the Nazi state in its own imperial aggrandizement. And in this country, the anxiety of the monopolies to maintain their international position meant the sacrifice for Herr Hitler's benefit, of war-production use of synthetic rubber, magnesium, machine tools, plastics, beryllium, acetic acid, military optical instruments, among others.

Although the details are complex, the pattern is startlingly simple. And in Reimann's book the documentation is little short of devastating. Drawn mainly from the Bone committee disclosures—the daily press has never revealed a tenth part of the evidence—the bulk of the illustrative material deals with the partnership between I.G. Farben and Standard Oil in particular reference to synthetic oil and synthetic rubber. The author traces the amazing resurgence of I.G. Farben following the close of World War I and their slow, shrewd manipulations by which the international patent rights for vital processes worked entirely to their own, *i.e.*, Hitler's benefit. It is a story of secret deals, international chicanery, of greed, of stupidity, and naive blindness too.

Reimann's narrative is simple and telling. It is not comprehensive in the sense that the whole terrible story of the men who did "business with Hitler" is related. An appendix could effectively trace the influence of Standard Oil in government, in the heading off of rival grain-to-rubber and Houdry synthetic oil processes. Stylistically it lacks the caustic irony or trenchant analysis which a Veblen could employ to lift these facts into telling social satire and social analysis. But in its highly readable way it does raise the two basic questions involved in the strange spectacle of a once-proud world-empire bending its knee to the young Nazi upstarts. How are we going to release the power of the new chemical revolution from the repressive controls of the old capital investments? How are we going to face the challenge to monopoly empires by the new social revolution of the growing colonial countries?

Daniel Bell is one of the editors of the New Leader.

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TO AN EDITOR AND A PUBLISHER: Okay, boys, you caught me Ott on a limb. Glad to see you considered the occasion unusual enough to sock up $3.90 to tell the world about it. Wait till next year. B. C.

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The Crostics Club

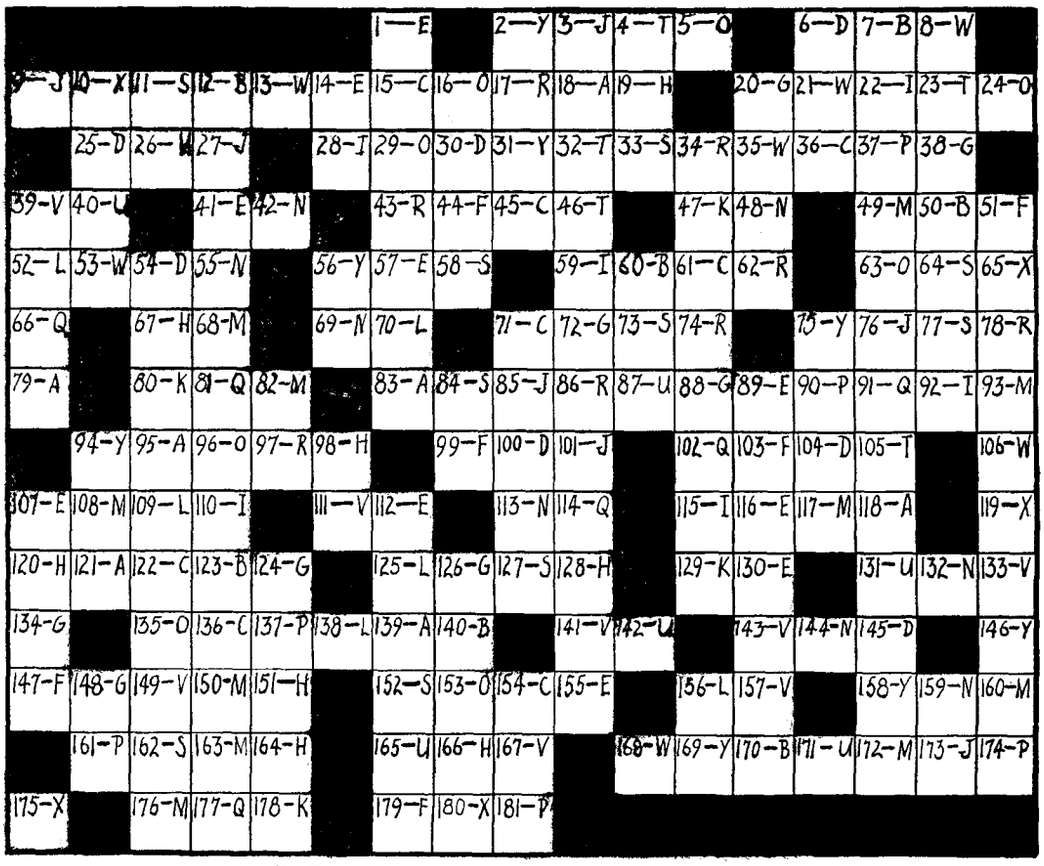
IN this column recently I answered a writer's protest against the repetition of words used in the DCs, on the ground that I was glad to shorten my labors and give you solvers familiar starting points. There is another reason for words in repeat. No system I have been able to devise for checking-up on words used to date has been workable. In my experience, to keep a list of thousands of words to consult at every turn would be an extravagant use of precious time and quite incommensurate with results. I cite this added reason in the hope that you who dislike repetition might be able to suggest a workable system to avoid it.

Occasionally a puzzler objects to the words as not suitable for one's ordinary vocabulary. Naturally, I am eager to pass along unfamiliar words that can be used in every-day speech. But, after all, unlike *crossword* puzzles, my DCs employ words only as a means to an end—the quotation. To be sure, the words to be guessed must not interfere with reaching that end, but they are of secondary consideration, notwithstanding the fact that some have written that they don't care a fig for the quotation—it's the puzzling they enjoy. The DCs, as I originally evolved them, constituted a project—a cross-section of literature in review. It chanced that the *SRL* in accepting them was not interested in this phase, and so it fell by the wayside. But I still like to stress the quotation as worthy of all the research I can afford in finding it.

Speaking of the choice of words, I recall the receipt last year from Susan A. Price, M.D., Williamsburg, Va., long a devoted follower, of an issue of *Judge* in which the nationally known puzzle-maker, Ted Shane, honored us with a jolly comment. In the course of it he recommended the acquisition of words through doing DCs as an admirable training-ground for guest appearance on "Information Please!"

Among our first puzzlers who have recently expressed anew their allegiance are: Mrs. William Robey, Boston, one of Elmer Rice's category who shuns help except in extremity; Mrs. Guy Cochran, Los Angeles, whom I picture as tearing her hair—and possibly that of others—in desperation if she can't solve the week's offering; Mrs. Julia Goodridge, Santa Barbara; Edith Leonard, Plainfield, N. J.; and Mrs. Wilfred Challener, Pittsburgh, who with her husband began puzzling with reference books piled high on the big library table but who now enjoys the hazard without help. As an arthritis victim and the mother of a Princeton lad in service, she finds that the Double Crostics "never let her down." For this we are genuinely grateful.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 447

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Flounders in animal satisfaction.

B. Sister of Priam.

C. Clear-cut; penetrating.

D. Beautiful; charming (Gr. origin).

E. Important reef-bearing corals.

F. The cashew tree; also fruit.

G. Apprises.

H. The black varnish tree.

I. Author of "Casabianca."

J. Corrected (Literary work).

K. The south; southern France (Fr.)

L. The practice of mental discipline (Hinduism).

M. A *warning* very short or not at all (England).

N. A genus of pocket gophers (W. U.S. and Mexico).

O. Unreal; deceptive.

P. Fastidious (slang).

Q. Material; practical.

R. To remove out of sight or mind.

S. Failing to answer the purpose.

T. A fray.

U. Certain sea-birds of the auk family (Alcidae).

V. Cleaving readily or distinctly.

W. Something extra large or great (Slang).

X. Black.

Y. Trashy.

WORDS

79 95 83 121 139 118 18

7 50 12 60 170 140 123

122 61 45 36 71 136 154 15

6 145 30 104 54 25 100

41 1 57 116 130 112 107 14 155 89

99 51 44 179 103 147

38 72 148 88 124 126 134 20

166 98 128 151 67 19 120 164

28 110 59 22 92 115

173 9 76 85 27 3 101

129 47 178 80

70 52 125 138 109 156

82 163 176 160 49 68 150 117 108 93 172

48 144 132 69 159 113 42 55

96 5 16 29 63 153 135 24

174 90 161 37 137 181

81 102 91 177 66 114

43 17 74 62 86 34 97 78

73 162 84 127 11 33 58 64 77 152

23 105 32 4 46

171 87 142 40 165 26 131

157 111 143 141 133 39 149 167

35 21 13 53 168 8 106

10 119 180 65 175

75 31 2 146 169 56 94 158

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The Phoenix Nest

ONE of the pleasantest—and most helpful!—features of editing a column is the activity of our correspondents. Even when a furious note comes from a Miss Taylor of this city, saying that we give her a pain in the neck, that Joe Stalin is a butcher, (so are we, apparently!) and that so long as the U. S. is allied with Russia she will have nothing to do with anything, even then we can pat her metaphorically upon the head and say, "There, there, little woman!" . . . Now our old friend, Tom Day, the Philadelphia bard, speaks up about poetry:

> Your pleasant comment upon L. A. G. Strong sent me scurrying to find my friend, Arthur Stringer's book of verse (of which I am now writing on the jacket). . . . Strong's "The Brewer's Man" (in your column) is pure Celtic—but look at this in Stringer's book (published under this jacket) on page 16:
>
> SOUR WINE
>
> I met the wife who'd left me bed,
> The wife I'd loved so true,
> She'd a faded shawl on her ould head
> And a scowl that'd stab ye through.
>
> She eased her barrow av turf and stood
> Wide-beamed in her rain-soaked clogs—
> Yet wanst we'd kissed as lovers could,
> And then fought like cats and dogs.
>
> "You're lookin' your worst, you mangy our,"
> Says she, the damned ould cat.
> "May you blister in Hell," I answered her,
> And I let it go at that.

We thank Tom for showing us the poem. It is good, too. But in our own fallible opinion it is not so authentic as Strong's. In fact, it has never seemed to us that the talented Canadian writer, Arthur Stringer, really captured the true Celtic in verse, though he wrote a deal of Irish poetry, and indubitably loved Ireland and the Irish. But the recriminations of connubial unbliss take a more amusing form in the Irish idiom, and both poets have appreciated it!

"The End of All"

Both Jane Hall of Los Angeles and Howard Collins who conducts "Your Literary I. Q." have news for Mrs. Samuel Y. Gibbon *re* her recent inquiry about a story. Miss Hall knows it appeared in *The Golden Book,* but doesn't remember the date. Though "so realistic was the writing that even now I can feel the terror that the description of the wind created," this correspondent cannot remember the author. Mr. Collins, however, gives all the necessary data as follows: "The story that Mrs. Gibbons asked about was called 'The End of All,' by Nym Crinkle. It was reprinted in *The Golden Book* for April, 1930. A year later 3,163 readers placed it twenty-third among their nominations for the fifty best short stories." Apparently it should rate a good deal higher than that! Where did it first appear?

About Islands

We are glad to hear from Inez Haynes Irwin, from Scituate, Massachusetts. She begins by saying something we like very much, namely that the *S.R.L.* is the one magazine she enjoys reading from cover to cover! Concerning her story, "Angel Island," commented upon recently in this column, she says:

> I wrote that book two World Wars ago, and that seems now a very faraway time—faraway in a dimension longer even than time. It bothered me a little that everybody seems to think it a parable of the equal suffrage campaign, at which, of course, I worked my head off. But I did try to make it a fable of that larger feminism, of which the struggle for the ballot was a tiny and almost unimportant phase.
>
> Sometimes I wish I had made a collection of books, the scenes of which were laid on islands. Zona Gale wrote an amazing novel, "Romance Island." Anybody who has ever read De Vere Stackpole's "The Blue Lagoon," will never forget it. And years ago, there appeared in *The Smart Set* a short story by Frederick Oren Bartlett about a refined English spinster and a rough English sailor thrown up from a shipwreck on an island together, that was a real masterpiece. I learned then that if an author segregates, inescapably, on an island any two people he knows, he has a novel.

That's an idea! We can think of a number of acquaintances of ours from which interesting choices could be made! As to islands, forty years ago Barrie wrote "The Admirable Crichton." Norman Lindsay, the Australian, did quite a funny story, called "The Incomplete Amorist," about an assorted group of men and one gorgeous female on a desert island. Then there was a story by Louis Tracy, we remember from our youth, called, we think, "The Wings of a Dove." There is Jules Verne's "The Mysterious Island," of course; there is the granddaddy of them all, "Robinson Crusoe"; and there is "The Swiss Family Robinson," by Johann Rudolf Wyss. There's Shakespeare's "The Tempest." There's "Treasure Island." Any more?

Again That Mysterious Card

Granville Trace of Atascadero, California, where we once remember attending some Army manoeuvres, and freezing to death in the nights, writes us about Cleveland Moffett's famous story:

> In the latter part of 1903 or early 1904 I wrote a version of "The Mysterious Card," pretty amateurish but with plenty of suspense, and fair enough in some other ways. I claim nothing for it, but would like to know when Moffett published his fine story. My story was sold to *Wayside Tales* of Chicago and its successor after it folded, but was not published, except in a small book of stories privately printed in 1909. The idea came from an anecdote told me by a "traveling man."

Muck-a-Muck

Then there's James D. Hart now of the Bureau of Public Relations in the War Department at Washington, who sends us a most amusing parody by Bret Harte of Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales," called "Muck-a-Muck," perfectly illustrated by Lloyd Hoff. Mr. Hart tells us:

> Your recent remarks on Bret Harte's parodies and your other remarks on the occasional lighter moments in my "staid" "Oxford Companion to American Literature," made me think you might enjoy a little booklet I'm sending on today.
>
> It is Bret Harte's "Muck-a-Muck" with added notes consisting of Cooper passages of the nature Harte was parodying.
>
> My enthusiasm for Harte's parody may be increased because of the number of Cooper novels I had to read for the OCAL but I hope you will enjoy the parody also.

We have. We like "Muck-a-Muck's" query, "'Why does the Pale Face still follow the track of the Red Man? Why does he pursue him, even as *O-kee-chow,* the wild-cat, chases *Ka-Ka,* the skunk? Why are the feet of Sorrel-top, the white chief, among the acorns of *Muck-a-Muck, the mountain forest?*' . . . And, averting his face from the Judge, he hastily slipped a silver cake-basket beneath his blanket, to conceal his emotion."

Jake Falstaff

We're glad to know that Jake Falstaff, whose real name was Herman Fetzer, left the materials for three books when he died. "Come Back to Wayne County," a novel of young love at Jacoby's corners, was out on the fourteenth of this month. An Editor's note to it is signed "T. F. and S. H.," and our sleuths tell us they stand for Tony Fetzer, the writer's widow—whose real name is Hazel Fetzer—and Sally Harrison, who persuaded Mrs. Fetzer that the Falstaff writing must go into books, and helped along at the editorial job. The nickname the late Jake—who wrote swell poetry, by the way—chose for his wife was really the name of a Portage Lakes bartender. He's Tony Snurr, and still runs a roadhouse on those same lakes, near Ohio.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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